

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1899.

NUMBER 29.

SPENCER COOPER,  
Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

\$1.00 PER YEAR,  
Always in Advance.



## "Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune and Marsh."

Shakespeare's description fits thousands of women. They are cross, dependent, sickly, nervous—burden to themselves and their families. Their sweet dispositions are gone, and they, like the bells, seem sadly out of tune. But there is a remedy. They can use

## MC ELREE'S Wine of Cardui

It brings health to the womanly organism, and health there means well poised nerves, calmness, strength. It restores womanly vigor and power. It tones up the nerves which suffering and disease have shattered. It is the most perfect remedy ever devised to restore weak women to perfect health, and to make them attractive and happy. \$1.00 at all druggists.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms. "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

REV. J. W. SMITH, Camden, S. C., says: "My wife used Wine of Cardui at home for falling of the womb and it entirely cured her."

## BODE : HARDWARE : COMPANY, WHOLESALE

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Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

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Physician and Surgeon,  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

## SILAS B. KASH, M. D.

## PYSCIAN AND SURGEON

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## J. TAYLOR DAY,

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

## General Merchandise, Lumber,

Real Estate, &c.

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and Driving Park Association and the

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## H. C. ROBINSON, OF BEATTYVILLE, KY.,

WITH

## R. M. HUGHES,

PROPRIETOR

## Kentucky Cider & Vinegar Works,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

## Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.

R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.

Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

## LITTLE GIRL

Walked Into the Governor's Office and Asked For Her Father's Pardon.

Jennie McLaren, the ten-year-old girl who applied to the Governor at Elizabeth, New Jersey, on the 9th inst., for the pardon of her father, who is serving a sentence of 20 years in the state prison for wife murder, came to Trenton and filed a petition with the Clerk of the Court of Pardons.

The petition contains about 100 names. It will not be acted upon until the visiting committee of the court has made the usual investigation. The petition is signed by McLaren, and he states that he has lung trouble, and is confined to the prison hospital. The officials deny this, and say that he is employed in the prison cookhouse every day.

Governor Voorhees was greatly surprised on Saturday when Jennie McLaren walked in his office and asked for a pardon for her father.

"Why, she came into my office," said the Governor, "with as much self-possession as if she were a Supreme Court Judge.

"There were probably 15 persons in the office at the time, among them several lawyers, but Jennie did not seem in the slightest degree embarrassed by their presence. I said to her:

"What can I do for you, my little miss?" and she promptly replied:

"Governor Voorhees, I wish you would pardon my papa, who is in Trenton state prison."

"This completely surprised me, and I inquired of her as to his name, what he had done and for how long he was sentenced, all of which questions she readily answered. She informed me that she had been unable to get the signatures to her petition of Prosecutor Chas. Winfield, of Hudson, who tried him, as Mr. Winfield was dead; but that she had obtained the signatures of Mayor Fagan, of Hoboken, and of Judge Lippincott, who sentenced her father, and also that of Judge Hudspeth, law judge of Hudson county, who was on the bench at the time.

"I was amazed at the knowledge displayed by the child and the deep interest she evinced in obtaining her father's release from prison.

"I told Jennie that I did not have the power to release her father, but would do what I could to assist her, and that she should forward her petition to me in time to present it to the pardoning board.

"Her eyes fairly sparkled with delight when I finished talking to her, and she thanked me profusely, and then bowed herself out. It certainly was a singular, episode, and one not soon to be forgotten." —Philadelphia Record.

### Coughed 25 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. ROSELL Grantsburg, Ill.

Edwin O. Wood, of Michigan, Secretary of the Tamworth Swine Breeders' Association, knows a good thing when he sees it. Writing the other day of the Biggle Swine Book, the latest addition to the The Biggle Books, he says, "Without exaggeration or fulsome praise it is the best book which has come to my notice. I have carried it in my pocket two weeks, reading it in leisure moments, and following its advice has already saved me, as I believe, fifty dollars." The price is 50 cents, free by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

There are 74 gold mining companies in the Transvaal.

## WILL CONTEST.

Committee Meet and Call Upon Goebel and Beckham to Contest—Resolutions, etc.

FRANKFORT, KY., Dec. 14.—"Being a loyal Democrat, I shall obey the mandate of my party and make a contest before the Legislature for the office of governor, to which I was legally elected." This was the brief but pointed announcement of Senator Goebel this afternoon after the regularly constituted authorities of the Democratic party had said in these distinct words that it was his duty, as also the Hon. J. C. W. Beckham's, to make contests for the offices of governor and lieutenant governor:

"Resolved, First—That we, the members of the Democratic state central, executive and campaign committees, in joint meeting assembled on the 14th day of December at Frankfort, Ky., express our earnest belief that according to the legal votes cast at the late state election the candidates on the Democratic state ticket were elected, and that the Democrats of Kentucky demand that these candidates, in proper legal course, contest the election of the Republican candidates to whom certificates have been issued.

"Resolved, Second—That it is the unanimous sense of members of Democratic state central, executive and campaign committees that William Goebel should make a contest as authorized by law for the office of governor, and that J. C. W. Beckham should make a contest for the office of lieutenant governor, and that we heartily endorse the contests already commenced by the other candidates on the Democratic state ticket.

"Resolved, Third—That an appropriate address be issued by the members of the respective committees here assembled to the people of Kentucky.

"Resolved, Fourth—That the chairman of this conference appoint a committee of eight, of which he shall be chairman, to cooperate with the contesting candidates and assist in the management of the several contests.

"JAMES B. McCREARY,  
"SAMUEL E. JONES,  
"J. WILLARD MITCHELL,  
"T. J. NUNN,  
"T. W. SIMMS, JR."

These resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote of the three state committees.

## GOES TO PHILADELPHIA.

Republican National Convention Will be Held in the Quaker City on June 19th.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The Republican National Committee this afternoon decided to hold the national convention of the party on June 19, 1900.

Philadelphia was chosen as the place for holding the convention after that city had run a close race with Chicago. The final ballot was: Philadelphia, 25; Chicago, 24. The selection of Philadelphia was then made unanimous.

The first ballot resulted: Philadelphia, 18; Chicago, 20; New York, 7; St. Louis, 9. Necessary to choice, 25.

The second ballot resulted: Philadelphia, 25; Chicago, 24.

The vote was contested and was taken over, Philadelphia winning on final ballot.

## Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25c. at all good druggists.

## Administrators' Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late Samuel Moore, deceased, are hereby notified that they must present them to me for settlement on or before Saturday, the 27th day of January, 1900, at the office of Squire John D. Rose, on Lacy creek, Wolfe county, Ky., or they will be barred.

## JACK MILLER, Administrator.

If your horse or mule has a lump, bunch, bone spavine, curb, splint or any like ailment, go to John M. Rose and get a bottle of Quinn's Ointment, which will remove the obstacle.

To Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

There are 74 gold mining companies in the Transvaal.

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## Hints to the Farmer

If He Will Only Heed His Family Almanac He Can't Go Very Far Wrong.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright)

Pounding a kicking cow with a fence-rail will not break her of the habit. She does not kick because she is naturally vicious, but because things have not been fully explained to her, and she feels that she is defending herself from personal attack. Every cow has a moral and legal right to know what a farmer means when he sits down alongside of her with a milk-pail and yells out: "Ho, now, but you hist over that' and keep mighty darned quiet or I'll knock your blamed old horns off with a crow-bar!"

Many farmers waste precious hours in scratching the backs of their penned up pigs with corn-cobs under the idea that it helps to fatten. It has no more effect on a pig than scratching the head of a boy. There is no doubt that the pig enjoys it, and if scratched long enough he will fall asleep, but it is only a superficial sensation, and the tendency is to breed luxurious habits which cannot be gratified. Throw a few old knots of wood into the pen and let your pig scratch their own backs.

Farmers' wells are too often neglected, and a case of typhoid fever and a large doctor bill are the consequences. Once in ten years, at least, every well ought to be pumped out and the mud removed. It is surprising how many old boots, tin pails, table knives,

American rose bushes intermixed. Let the ivy also climb up and over the barns and sheds and strawstacks, and thus add picturesqueness to the scenery. A hundred rose bushes scattered about a barnyard would draw the eye of a traveler at once, and who can say what would be the effect on the livestock moving about!

If there is a creek on the farm a couple of thousand dollars will build an artificial lake, and a thousand more will stock it with gondolas and codfish. When evening comes, and the cows have been milked and the hogs fed, the farmer and his wife can float over the gentle bosom of their own inland sea and pull wary cod from his watery lair. At some point a moss-grown water-wheel should be erected. The cost is only a few hundred dollars, and the delight of travelers coming upon such a thing unexpectedly is almost unbounded. If there is not enough water in the creek to turn the wheel get a four-horse power engine and hide it amidst a grove of sunflowers. This will even enhance the general effect.

No farm is complete without a glade and a dell. Patents have been taken out and these articles will soon be on sale along with mowers and reapers, but meanwhile the farmer who cannot wait will find plans and specifications



TRAINING THE COW.

wash-dishes, spring chickens, tobacco-boxes and broken jugs find their way into the family well, and what a difference they will make in the taste of the water after a few years.

A farmer living on the line of a railroad can very easily and cheaply teach a newly-bought cow not to look for pasture between the deadly rails. Let him pen her up in the barnyard some morning, and while his wife blows the dinner-horn and his son explodes firecrackers, he should chase the cow with a wheelbarrow and bump her heels as often as possible. A cow is a slow thinker, but it won't take her over two hours to arrive at the conclusion that it won't be safe for her to monkey with a freight train of 42 cars loaded with Portland cement. In case of a yearling calf he may have to be thrown over the fence and back a few times, but he will sooner or later reach the same conclusion.

The farmer cannot too fully understand that all the live stock on his farm with which he is brought in daily contact will partake more or less of his personal moods. If he kicks open the barn-doors in the morning and thumps the old mare with the shovel or pitchfork to let her know that he is boss of that ranch, even the hens will be nervous and out of sorts all day. It is the placid, even-tempered farmer who has docile stock. If he leaves the kitchen door for the barayard singing: "The Sweet Bye and Bye," he will find his cows placidly chewing their ends and his hogs grunting contentedly in the morning sun. A horse understands when he is sworn at, and it embitters a cow to threaten to break her back with a straw-cutter. A pig in the pen which receives a cheery "Good morning" from its owner will fatten twice as fast as the one which climbs up to receive a blow from a club. It is so with the fowls. The farmer who puts on a benevolent, fatherly expression as he scatters the grain will find every hen doing her best that day to lay an egg to prove her gratitude and confidence, while the one who scowls and mutters and tries to knock some hen's head off with a clothes-prop will find himself feared and detested.

The average farmer has no tastes for the beautiful and artistic, or if he has he feels that they are too expensive to be indulged in. This is a very grave mistake on his part, and arises from the fact that he has not posted himself. The roadside front of the average farm presents to view nothing but fences, weeds and unsightly ditches. For the sum of \$1,000 this front could be made a thing of beauty with English ivy and

at the office of all reputable architects. Rustic bridges also look well on a farm, and the traveler never stops to inquire whether they span a babbling creek or are set on four posts in a corn-field. The price of picturesque old windmills, imported direct from Holland, is now within the reach of every farmer, and five or six of them whirling away on different parts of the farm would make traveling across the country in a one-horse wagon a thing of pleasure. It may be physically impossible to supply the highways of America with gables, waterfalls, ferneries, precipices and all that, but let each farmer beautify his portion to the extent that he can and the influence will be far-reaching and return him a grateful reward.

**Not Intimate.**  
Hedrikton—Are you familiar with the Godjins, who live next to you on our street?

Sandbliss—Oh, dear no. We sometimes borrow their lawnmower or get them to feed our cat when we are away, but nothing more than that.—Boston Transcript.

### YOUTHFUL FINANCIERS.



The Lady—And so you're going to buy your uncle a pipe with your pennies instead of spending them for candy?

The Dear Children—Yes'm; then uncle will give us a quarter and we can spend that for candy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Fraud Discovered.**  
He stood beside that couch so fair—  
He'd bought it for "Al Best Curled Hair"—  
And saw the stuffing leaking out,  
Then wildly rang his wrathful shout:  
"Excisor!"—Brooklyn Life.

### WASHING AND BAKING.

If These Suggestions Are Followed the Work Will Be Made Easy.

To the women who do their own work (and they are legion), washing and baking are perhaps the most dreaded of the really necessary work. The washing may be done easily and satisfactorily, and enough baking may be done at this time of year in one day to last a week. As the short days only admit of a few hours at most for necessary sewing, I have found it better to do enough baking at a time for a week, rather than a little each day.

Bake five or six mince pies, and when cool slip them off from the tins and set them in a cool place; if they freeze it will do no harm, and when wanted they can be set in the oven a few minutes and they will be as good as if fresh baked. A jar of doughnuts and a pail of cookies will each keep moist, and will be relished by the family generally. A good recipe for doughnuts is as follows:

One cupful of sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of thick cream, one cupful of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, and flour enough to make a soft dough; cut in shape to fry and let them stand 15 or 20 minutes; fry in deep, hot lard or drippings.

For cookies, take one cupful of very thick sour cream, one cupful of sugar, one small egg, one level teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of vanilla, add flour enough to form a soft dough, sprinkle with sugar, cut into any desirable shape and bake in a quick oven; if the cream is not very thick and rich add a lump of butter the size of a walnut.

A good sized washing may be done in two hours in the following manner with little hard work, and the clothes will be beautifully white and clean: First, have a teakettle of boiling water and remove all stains from tablecloths and napkins by pouring the boiling water through them before they are wet in any other way. Cut one-half bar of soap in one pint of hot, soft water and stir until dissolved; add two tablespoonfuls of kerosene and stir briskly; fill the boiler two-thirds full of cold, soft water and add this emulsion to it, stirring until a good suds is formed. Wet the most soiled places on the clothes, neckbands and wristbands of shirts, in warm water and soap them, rubbing the soap well into the cloth; put the cleanest cloths into the boiler and let the water come to a boil, and boil five minutes; take out into the tub, add two pails of soft water and souse the clothes up and down a few times, looking them over for any soiled places which may have been overlooked.

A very little rubbing with the hands will remove any spots which are found. Cool the suds in the boiler until you can hold your hand in it, then put in the next cleanest articles and boil as before, and so on until all are done; rinse and they are ready to hang out. Cool the boiling suds again, and put the colored clothes in it to soak while you hang up the white ones, and with a very little rubbing they will be clean. Clothes washed in this way are beautifully white and clean, and there is not the slightest kerosene odor about them.—Housekeeper.

**To Prevent Colds.**  
An excellent preventive against colds is an all-over sponge bath in water that has stood in the bowl over night on rising in the morning. This is heroic treatment on a cold day, but if persevered in, where one is not too delicate, the result is beneficial. Rub the body well with the hand and a coarse towel. This will set the blood to circulating, opens the pores of the skin and keeps it in a healthy condition and tones the entire system. Buy a bag of sea salt, pour a quart of boiling water over a cupful and add a tablespoonful of ammonia and one of camphor. Put the mixture in a quart bottle and keep on your washstand. Add one or two tablespoonfuls of this to the water for the morning bath, and it will be found an excellent tonic and cleanser.—National Rural.

**Browned Sweet Potatoes.**  
Boil the potatoes in well-salted water and remove the skins. Place them on a dripping pan and pour over them a little melted butter. Dredge with salt, pepper and a very little sugar. Place them in the oven and baste occasionally with melted butter until they are delicately browned. Avoid boiling the potatoes too long, lest with this additional cooking they become broken and unsightly in appearance.—Good House-keeping.

**Curd Cheese Cakes.**  
Take a pint and a half of new milk and curdle it with a teaspoonful of rennet; break the curd with a wooden spoon and drain the whey from it; add to the curd one well-beaten egg, a dessertspoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of sugar, currants and chopped candied peel to taste; line some patty pans with good short paste, fill with the mixture and bake.—Boston Globe.

**A Sticky Inference.**  
Farmer (from Illinois)—It's wonderful how things do grow in my state.  
Mrs. Eastern (whose remembrance of Chicago mud is still vivid)—Oh, not at all; they're only trying to get away from the soil.—Judge.

### QUEER HUMAN NATURE.

Inconsistency Is Not the Least Amazing of Our Odd Characteristics.

"Human nature is a queer thing, and I got a glimpse of a phase of it which set me thinking, not long ago," said the woman who has traveled. "It was in the Allegheny mountains, where I spent a summer with a jolly party. One day we drove up the mountain to see a view which is noted in the surrounding country. At the foot of the climb, which must be made on foot, we left our carriages at a delightful old-fashioned farmhouse where we found that we could order a meal, to be ready when we returned. You know what a mountain appetite is, and may be sure that we eagerly seized the opportunity to satisfy the hunger which might otherwise have made cannibals of us during the long ride home. Two of the party had chosen to come on horseback, and their steeds had either failed to fulfill the promise of the glowing eulogies of their owner, who had loaned them, for a consideration, or else the twain had stopped for a little lovemaking by the way. At any rate, they were not in sight, and we decided to wait for them. While doing so, we strolled idly about the fields surrounding the house. It was just after harvest, and the place was in such perfect order that we complimented the farmer as we went. The house was set, among its gorgeous old-fashioned flowers, at the foot of a slight rise, and as we ascended this we came to a small enclosure, evidently the family burying ground. Up to the very fence the seythe had done its perfect work, but inside was a tangle of blackberry vines, weeds and dank grass. The few headstones were sunken and neglected and the graves utterly uncared for. The whole place had such a neglected, desolate air that it was a blot on the glowing August landscape, and we welcomed the shouts which told of the arrival of the truants and called us to seek pleasanter surroundings.

"The view was magnificent and we lingered until the pangs of hunger reminded us of the meal which was doubtless awaiting us. When we reached the farmhouse we were directed to the back door, where we found to our delight a real old-fashioned water-bench with pail and basin, and here we made our primitive ablutions, drying our glowing faces on a coarse but spotless roller towel. Then we were ushered into the dining-room, a long, low apartment, which was decorated with maps and ancient pictures of simpering ladies clad in scarlet gowns, with wondrous coiffures and eyes which were larger than their mouths. The table—shall I ever forget it—was spread with a variety of food which would have given a dyspeptic dreams for a month. At one end was a huge, newly boiled ham, at the other a lofty plate of fried chicken; there were two plates of onions, peeled and served whole; two dishes of cucumbers, dressed with cream; huge dishes of hot biscuits, and of boiled corn; glass dishes of honey and preserves galore, and last, but not least, piles of buckwheat cakes baked the full size of the griddle and covering each a dinner plate.

"After the meal we repaired to the parlor, fearful and wonderful in its ornamentation of worsted and bead work, while horses and drivers were fed. Two members of the party had brought guitars; these were fished out, while some sought the vine-decked porch to see the moon rise. Soon the strains of a popular song rent the air, and half a dozen voices burst into the rollicking words. They had scarcely sung a verse when the master of the house, a typical farmer, with collarless shirt and trousers in boots, appeared. He said: 'I don't want to spoil any o' your fun, folks, but my pious companion ain't been dead a year, an' I can't have no music but hymn chunes sung in this house.' A sympathetic silence reigned until he had put his head into the door once more to say: 'Sing as many hymn chunes as you want.' Then some one opened the ancient parlor organ in the corner, and soon we all joined in the rolling notes of the old hymn: 'How Firm a Foundation.'

"It was not until we had silently entered the waiting carriages and lost the last glimpse of the old farmhouse at the bend of the road that some one remembered the neglected burying ground in which the pious companion was taking her long rest. We knew that she was laid there, for one of our drivers had attended the funeral, and I have never been able to understand how the man who could give strangers such a meal as that for 25 cents, and allow only 'hymn chunes' sung in his house, could allow his wife's grave to be overrun with blackberry vines and weeds—but, then, as I said before, human nature is a queer thing!"—N. Y. Sun.

### Inexplicable.

"In this article," said Mrs. Billus, "the writer says more colds are caused by cold feet than any other one thing."

"That has been my experience for nearly 20 years," remarked Mr. Billus, with a wheeze.

And then, to the surprise of all present, Mrs. Billus became furiously angry.—Chicago Tribune.

### KIDNEY DISEASE,

Caused by Internal Catarrh, Promptly Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Hon. J. H. Caldwell, a prominent member of the Louisiana State Legislature, says the following in regard to Pe-ru-na for catarrh:



Hon. J. H. Caldwell.

"I have used Pe-ru-na for a number of years with the very best results for catarrhal diseases. I shall never be without it. I never fail to recommend it when an opportunity presents itself."—J. H. Caldwell, Robeline, La.

Gilbert Hofer, Grays, Ky., says in a letter dated March 7th, 1894: "I have used four bottles of Pe-ru-na and I am well of my catarrh, and it cured my Bright's disease. I had been troubled for two years. I weigh twenty pounds more than I did before I was taken sick. I shall never be without Pe-ru-na."

Send for free catarrh book. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

## Personally Conducted California Excursions

Via the Santa Fe Route.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pox Ointment will cure piles. It absorbs the humor, allays the heat, and cures at once. A poultice gives instant relief. Prepared for Dr. Williams' Office, 109 Adams Street, Chicago.

PILESS. Send for "Inventor's Friend" and "Protector's Friend." Stevens, Washington, D. C. Established 1854. Branches: Chicago, Ill.; New York, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; San Francisco, Calif.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Denver, Colo.; Salt Lake City, Utah.

PATENTS. Send for "Inventor's Friend" and "Protector's Friend." Stevens, Washington, D. C. Established 1854. Branches: Chicago, Ill.; New York, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; San Francisco, Calif.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Denver, Colo.; Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE FARMING WORLD

## FOWLS FOR MARKET.

How to Prepare Them Attractively and in Convenient Shape for the Housekeeper.

The best market fowls carry the white meat not only on the breast proper, as at B in Fig. 1, but also well back between the legs at A. Much of the market poultry fails to be thick-meat at this point (A), and this is a vital defect. The pure bred Wyandots and Plymouth Rocks are specially

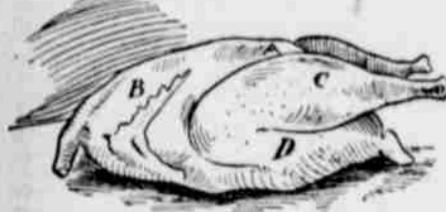


FIG. 1.

noted for carrying a generous quantity of white meat not only upon the breast, but also well back between the legs, and this is one of the reasons for the market popularity of these two breeds. For a private trade it is worth while to prepare in an especially attractive manner, as in Fig. 2, in convenient

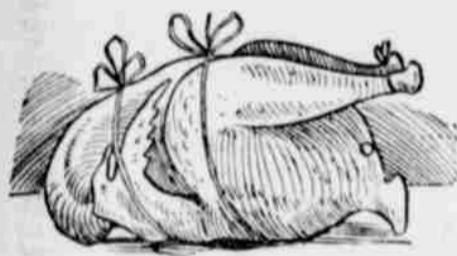


FIG. 2.

shape for boiling or roasting. Pick the birds carefully, wipe off any discoloration with a moist cloth, singe carefully and remove any remaining pin feathers, and the bird is ready for cooking. Customers appreciate getting poultry in just this shape. The feet can be left on, but when customers have confidence in the ones furnishing them poultry, this is not necessary.—Farm and Home.

## MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

A Large Honey Crop Depends Upon the Strength, Not the Number, of Colonies.

If we would have bees in the best possible condition to obtain a large yield of honey we would commence operations as early as possible. A large honey crop depends principally upon the strength of colonies, and not upon the number of colonies. One good colony that is strong in numbers, and in every way in proper condition, will store more surplus honey than a dozen weak ones, and the proper thing to do is to get everyone as near the desired strength and condition, and also at the time needed. Localities differ to some extent as to the time of the principal honey harvest, but just at the opening of the same is the time we want our colonies ready. Usually we are safe in commencing as soon as the weather will permit.

The first thing is to examine every colony as to condition. Good profile queens, and those only, can we build upon. It is useless to spend time with inferior queens, for there is no plan to work to, to make a success of such. Old queens, say from three years old and over, may all be discarded, as there is no exception at this age worth bothering with. A few such queens may seem all right at the beginning, but in the end they will not prove so, and will be everlasting starting queen cells and preparing to swarm.

If profitable queens are not available the best thing to do is to unite all colonies containing inferior queens with those having good young prolific queens. While this may cut down the number of colonies, it will pay in the end. This defeat may always be provided for during the fall previous if proper precautions are taken to requeen all such colonies, and at this time we have a good chance to detect all inferior queens, and also owing to the supply of cheap queens it is much less expensive and less troublesome at this time.—A. H. Duff, in National Rural.

## The Color of Egg Yolks.

Pale-yellow eggs are neither so inviting in appearance nor as nutritious in quality as rich red-colored ones, says an English exchange. The principal deficiency is in iron and phosphorus, two elements of primary importance in the ailment of human beings. Fowls obtain a very large percentage of these substances from the vegetable kingdom, and if the supply of green food is withdrawn the yolks very soon assume a pale color. The deficiency can be supplied to a great extent by putting some sulphate of iron or syrup of phosphates in the drinking water, but this is not a natural method, and it is much better to supply green food in plenty.

## PROVIDE PURE WATER.

Unless an Abundant Supply of It Is at Hand Sheep Raising Will Not Be Profitable.

"Stagnant water is the best vehicle for conveying the parasites that infest the sheep. If you have not abundant supply of clear, pure water, easy of access to sheep, we hasten to advise you not to attempt sheep raising."

"Low, marshy or spouty land is an abomination to the flockmaster; but Kansas is so free from this character of land that the caution seems uncalculated. But the ponds—the ponds sometimes called artificial lakes, but rather artificial cesspools—drain them, drain them dry, or apply the herd law and fence them (the sheep) out."

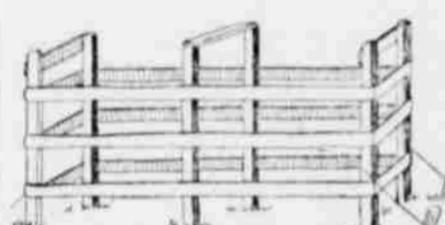
The above true remarks were made by Hon. F. D. Coburn, of Kansas, and will be indorsed by all practical sheep herds. It has not truly been said the hog cholera follows the course of streams, is most virulent near their banks and fades out at a distance from such waters. We know, too, that anthrax is often spread by watering ponds and creeks, and we see from the above the danger of stagnant water for sheep. In England the liver fluke, which passes one period of its life history within the body of water snails, is only prevalent in low-lying, marshy places. It is likewise true of some of the intestinal parasites of sheep that they are worst on such lands, and it is proverbial that sheep should be kept high and dry. Some argue that sheep do not drink water, but they should just watch them in hot summer weather when the grasses are dewless even in the early morning. They do drink water, and it should be pure. We have known of wholesale abortion among ewes which drank water polluted with the leechings of a manure pile.

We have seen an epidemic of enteric disease among sheep from drinking stagnant water, while the ophthalmic disease of sheep and cattle may often be traced to a similar source of infection. One always finds on investigation that a successful sheep-raising country is a country flowing with pure streams of water and dotted with ponds fed by everlasting springs. Farmers' Review.

## A MOBILE PIG-PEN.

Cheap and Easily Constructed and Light Enough to Be Moved Readily by Two Men.

It is sometimes convenient to have a pen that will hold a few pigs and that can be moved from one spot to another without taking the pigs out. There are always a few runty pigs in a drove that with a little extra feed and care will come out all right when shipping time comes. Or in weaning a late litter of pigs, with such a pen they can be separated from the rest of the herd and still get the full benefit of the pasture. Or it may be convenient in separating a sow and her brood from the



MOBILE PIG PEN.

other swine and still give them the advantage of green feed. This pen is cheap and easily constructed and light enough to be easily moved by two men, or even one, and it need be moved but a few feet to make a change to new ground.

The pen is eight by sixteen feet, made of two-by-four's and fencing boards, three or four feet high, according to the size of the pigs it is to contain. Three pairs of two-by-four posts, each about six feet long, are used to spike the boards to. The lower board should be nailed on four inches from the bottom, as when the pen is lifted in moving the pigs could escape if the boards are higher. Nail a brace at the top of each pair of posts. If the pen is to contain pigs large enough to lift or move it in rooting beneath it can very easily be staked down. Bore inch holes in each of the corner posts and put a wire through it, making a loop a foot and a half in length. Make a stake of some hard wood with a notch near the upper end to catch this loop. With one of these at each corner you can fasten the pen securely.—J. L. Irwin, in Ohio Farmer.

## SHEEP SUGGESTIONS.

Breed from young ewes. They raise better, more vigorous and healthier lambs.

In recent transactions in sheep in Montana three dollars per head has been paid for yearling and two-year-old ewes.

A great deal depends on your soil and pasture as to the kind of sheep you raise. Heavy herds will not do as well as smaller ones.

Sheltering lambs from heavy, cold rainstorms which occur for a month and a half before winter sets in is economy. They should be regularly housed every night. They should be taught to eat grain in early autumn. It is well to have racks of hay ready for them in their stables, and they will soon learn to eat.—Rural World.

## Tea Poisoning.

Victims of tea poisoning are becoming alarmingly prevalent. Women demand the life and variety of health, and instead of doing it naturally by building up their systems they resort to tea. They should take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters instead. By strengthening the digestive organs this brings beauty and good spirits. It tones up the nerves, drives away the blues, regulates the bowels and cures all forms of dyspepsia. All drugs sell it.

## Anticipated News.

Mr. Isaacs (in Chicago)—Ish der a telegram for Mr. Isaacs sayin' dot his shire has purnd down in New York?

Hotel Telegraph Operator—No! None!

"Well, when von goes schoot, send it right up to room, please!"—Puck.

## Struck It Big.

Henry A. Salzer, Manager of the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., also President of the Idaho Gold Coin Mining and Milling Co., is in luck. They have recently struck a wonderful deposit of gold on their properties. As a result the stock of the Gold Coin Co. has doubled in value. Many of the patrons of the John A. Salzer Seed Co. are owners of Gold Coin Stock. The mines are located in the Seven Devil District, Idaho.

## Worse Yet.

Snarley—They're a bad family. The father plays the stock market and the son the rascals.

You'd think they were virtues if you heard the daughter play the piano.—Syracuse Herald.

Every reader of this paper should give special heed to the offers which are appearing from week to week by the John M. Smyth Co., the mammoth mail order house of Chicago. In this issue will be found their advertisement of a thoroughly up-to-date, first-class sewing machine, at the astoundingly low price of \$14.25. Coming as this offer and other offers do from a house with a commercial rating of over one million dollars, and of the highest character, they mark an opportunity that the shrewd buyer will not be slow to take advantage of. The John M. Smyth Co., 150 to 166 West Madison street, will send their mammoth catalogue, in which is listed at wholesale prices everything to eat, wear and use, on receipt of only 10 cents to partly pay postage or expressage, and even this 10 cents is allowed on first purchase amounting to one dollar.

## In Old Missouri.

Mrs. Goodwin—Here's a quarter, poor man. But tell me, pray, what ever brought you to this miserable state?

Dusty Rhoades—Me autumebeel, ma'am. I was tourin' through Iowa, an' I axerently strayed across de line, see?—Chicago Evening News.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## True to Nature.

She—What a good picture!

He—No, it isn't. I was not well, and I looked like an idiot that morning.

She (intently studying the photograph)—Well, it looks exactly like you, anyway.—Judge.

Jason Crow, Oscerville, Ga., says:

"I feel it my duty to write and let you know what your medicine, '5 Drops,' has done for me. I have had rheumatism about 18 years, but was able to be up most of the time, until a year ago last May, when I was taken down and not able to move about. About six weeks ago I saw your advertisement and wrote for a sample bottle. After taking a few doses, it did me so much good that I ordered some more for myself and friends and in every case it has done wonders and given perfect satisfaction. Dr. Woodliff, my family physician, who has had rheumatism 15 years, is taking '5 Drops,' and says it is the most efficient rheumatic medicine he has ever used. May 31, 1899."

The above refers to "5 Drops," a perfect cure for rheumatism, kidney and all kindred complaints. The proprietors, Swanson-Rheumatic Co., 164 Lake St., Chicago, offer to send a 25c sample bottle for only 10c, during the next 30 days. Be sure to read their advertisement of last week.

## How It Sounded.

"My daughter's music," sighed the mother, "has been a great expense."

"Indeed?" returned the guest. "Some neighbor sued you, I suppose?"—Boston Traveler.

**Cheap Rates on Account of Thanksgiving Day via Big Four.**

On November 29 and 30, the popular Big Four Route will sell tickets to a distance of 150 miles from starting point at rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good up to and including December 1, 1899. For full information as to tickets, rates and limits, call on Big Four agents or Warren J. Lynch, G. P. A. Cincinnati.

The Bachelor Defined.—A Dallas mother with five grown daughters defines a bachelor as a "miserable coward who has lost the opportunity of a lifetime."—Dallas News.

**The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever.** and Fever is a bottle of Grove's TASTLESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

A man's favorite joke is that he is related to the church by marriage. —Atchison Globe.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.** Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The man who is sure it doesn't do any good to kick should never join a football team.—Elliott's Magazine.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

The well-read man isn't always the pink of perfection.—Chicago Daily News.

THERE are women everywhere who suffer almost constantly because they cannot bring themselves to tell all about their ills to a physician.

Such women can surely explain their symptoms and their suffering by letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the confidence reposed in her has never been violated.

Mrs. Pinkham in attending to her vast correspondence is assisted by women only. If you are ill, don't delay. Her reply will cost you nothing and it will be a practical help as it was to Miss ELLA E.

BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio, who says: "I shrunk from the ordeal of examination by our physician, yet I knew I must have treatment. My troubles were backache, nervous tired

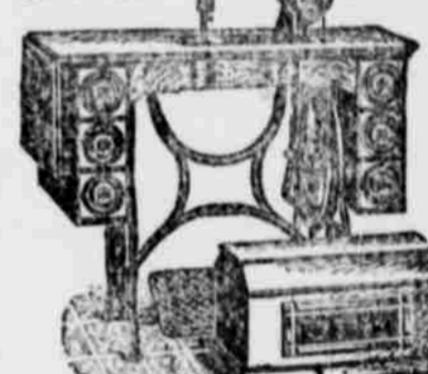


## JOHN M. SMYTH CO.

MAMMOTH MAIL ORDER HOUSE

150 TO 166 WEST MADISON ST. CHICAGO

\$14.25 \$14.25 The Best Sewing Machine on Earth



made. This Sewing Machine has all the latest improvements. It is a perfect and uniform LOCK STITCH, and will do the best work on either the lightest muslin or heaviest cloths, sewing over seams and rough places without skipping stitches. A full set of best steel attachments, nicely nickel-plated and enclosed in a handsome plush-lined metal, lacquered box, and a complete assortment of accessories and book of instruction FURNISHED FREE with the machine.

**60 DAYS TRIAL.** We ship this machine C.O.D. subject to approval, on receipt of two dollars or \$3 on agent's price, pay the balance and freight charges then try the machine. If not satisfied at any time within 60 days send the machine back to us at our expense and we will refund the full purchase price.

**\$14.25**

**MAMMOTH CATALOGUE** In which is listed at lowest wholesale prices everything to eat, wear and use, furnished on receipt of only 10¢ to partly pay postage or expressage and as evidence of good faith the 10¢ is allowed on first purchase amounting to \$1.25 or above.

**OUR MONTHLY GROCERY PRICE LIST FREE.**

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY.

### LIKE FINDING MONEY.

The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5¢ you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twenty-first Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

## WINCHESTER

### Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

### UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.

Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon having them when you buy and you will get the best.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.** Permanently Cured. No side effects. Great Name. Returns to health. Sold by druggists.

**FITS.** Permanently Cured. No side effects. Great Name. Returns to health. Sold by druggists.

**WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE STATE THAT YOU SAW THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THIS PAPER.**

# THE HERALD.



SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY, December 21, 1899.

## +ANNOUNCEMENTS+

**STAMPER**—We are authorized to announce A. ROWARD STAMPER, of Campton, Wolfe county, as a candidate for Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

**CONGLETON**—We are authorized to announce J. W. CONGLETON as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

THE Boers in South Africa, put General Buller's men to flight at Tugela River last week. The British attempted to cross the river, but it appeared the whole country thereabouts were full of the enemy, who suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, mowing down Buller's men like the grass before the mower's scythe; besides eleven cannon captured and a great many prisoners taken by the Boers the British were compelled to retreat. This is the third victory for the Boers inside of ten days.

ALL that portion of the message which referred to the power of congress to regulate the Philippine matter, is pure talking to the galleries. The fact is that the blood-bought possessions in the Orient are William McKinley's and not the responsibility of congress. The constitution and none of its provisions can be distorted so that the blessings and privileges of that instrument can be extended to what are McKinley's slaves.

THE bank of France and the bank of England have raised their rates of interest and Mr. McKinley advocates greater money making privileges for banks in the United States. Evidently this is not a bad year for the money power the world over.

AS THE struggle in South Africa continues, and the Boers keep up their annexing of territory, the fair-minded observer is compelled to admit that the struggle is nothing more or less than a contest for South African supremacy between Boer and Briton.

OTIS will have to get a move on if he is going to present the rebel General Aguinaldo to McKinley for a Christmas gift. We think he had better catch him first, and then do his braggadocio, for it is only a few days till Christmas.

WASHINGTON will take on the hues of the rainbow about the time the Hon. Tim Woodruff, of New York, and his gorgeous waistcoat arrive to plead with McKinley for second place at the Republican funeral next year.

THE returns from the Seventh district indicate that Hon. June Gayle, of Owen county, has been elected to congress made vacant by the death of Hon. Evan Settle over W. C. Owens by 3,000 majority.

As yet Hon. Billy Mason has refrained from expressing any sympathy with the victims of the trust octopus, and the friends of anti-monopoly legislation are holding their breath in the hope that his attention may be distracted long enough to get their plans under cover before Billy gets his lachrymals directed that way.

## EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Some of that morality which the members of the House are displaying just now, appears to have been sterilized.

Although Mr. Reed is practicing law in New York, his rules are still business at the old stand on Capitol Hill, Washington.

Having expurgated Roberts in their mind's eye, the immaculate Republican majority might now tackle the projected Hanna-Payne ship subsidy steal.

No doubt Aguinaldo is filled with scorn for those ardent antis who have permitted the Roberts case to obscure his sprinting for the last few days.

It is to be hoped that congress will not let its solicitude about Mr. Roberts obscure the necessity for selecting a harem keeper for the Sultan of Sulu.

William I of the United States throwing bouquets at William I of Germany, is one of the sights which readers of that verbose document, the President's message, are permitted to enjoy.

Latest intelligence tends to the belief that there is no truth in the report that Great Britain intends to banish Oom Paul to St. Helena. It will be necessary to catch your uncle Paul first, don't you know.

Those energetic Republicans, who are expressing sympathy for Congressman Sulzer because of his defeat for minority leader, should save their breath. They may need sympathy themselves about the time Mr. Sulzer becomes governor of the Empire State.

That return of William M. Stewart to the Republican fold should be viewed with apprehension by the Republicans of the senate. It will be remembered that Troy was captured through the wooden horse which Greeks foisted upon the Trojans. Mr. Stewart is considerable of an old horse himself.

The administration would not be displeased if Aguinaldo escaped, it is stated by the President's friends. No doubt the Imperialists in the White House and in the Cabinet would be glad to see the Filipino leader leave the island, since they cannot drive him off or capture his army.

After a careful tabulating of all the resolutions and speeches of the junior senator of Illinois, we are compelled to acknowledge that the President and his Cabinet are about the only persons in the world who are being left to shift for themselves without the protecting sympathy and counsel of the Hon. Billy Mason.

For weeks the press of the McKinleyites has been filled with speculation relative to the whereabouts of Aguinaldo and descriptions of the glorious work of the army in the northern part of Luzon. Now comes the statement that Aguinaldo is making for Cavite, in the south of the island, and that the insurgent forces there are larger and stronger than ever. What a deceitful rascal somebody is.

Of the 14 cases of fever in Toliver neighborhood, Dr. Tanbee reports them all better except the infant child of John Hurst, and it is yet very sick.

John Swango, a little colored boy, living with Judge Swango, will please except the thanks of the editor and his better for a nice lot of spareribs.

# ROSE & DAVIS

—THE—

## Blacksmiths

—AND—

## Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

The New York World,

Thrice-a-Week Edition.

ALMOST A DAILY—AT THE PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

The most widely circulated "weekly" newspaper in America is the Thrice-a-Week edition of The New York World, and with the Presidential campaign now at hand you cannot do without it. Here are some of the reasons why it is easily the leader in dollar a year journalism.

It is issued every other day, and is to all purpose a daily.

Every week each subscriber receives 18 pages and often during the "busy" season 24 pages each week.

The price is only \$1.00 per year.

It is virtually a daily at the price of a weekly.

Its news covers every known part of the world. No weekly newspaper could stand alone and furnish such service.

The Thrice-a-Week World has at its disposal all of the resources of the greatest newspaper in existence—the wonder of modern journalism—"America's Greatest newspaper," as it has been justly termed—The New York World.

Its political news is absolutely impartial. This fact will be of especial value in the Presidential campaign coming on.

The best of current fiction is found in its columns.

These are only some of the reasons; there are others. Read it and see them all.

We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD together one year for \$1.50.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

DO YOU WANT IT ALMOST FREE?

## The Illustrated Kentuckian

It is superbly illustrated monthly, the size of Harper's Weekly, devoted exclusively to the Historical, Social and Sentimental Side of Kentucky. It is published at Louisville by Yenowine & Lipscomb at \$1.00 a year. If you haven't seen it send for free sample copies. We will club it with.....

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD

for a trifle more than the price of your home paper. If you will renew or send us a cash subscription, \$1.50, we will send you this paper and the ILLUSTRATED KENTUCKIAN, both postpaid, for one year. Address

SPENCER COOPER,  
Hazel Green, Ky.

## CHAS. W. BUCHANAN

PRACTICAL



—  
SHOEMAKER  
—

Prompt attention given to repairing of all kinds, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Your patronage respectfully solicited, and will be highly appreciated.

Orders taken for Ladies' and Gents' Fine Footwear.

Shop at Old Racket store room, Hazel Green, Ky.

R. H. BRYAN,  
SALESMAN FOR

Pearson & Clark,  
WHOLESALE + GROCERS  
LEXINGTON, KY.

# GREAT REDUCTION SALE

Now's Your Chance to Make Money

The weather is too warm and we can not wait any longer on cold weather.

1 off on every article of CLOTHING in our house. This a great opportunity to buy goods at about 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR!

## REMEMBER:

Every article of Clothing in our house is now 25 to 50 per cent. higher than when we paid for them, and without charging you the advance, we give you ONE-FOURTH OFF!

25 per cent. off.

We have now the finest and largest stock of

## FINE OVERCOATS

in Kentucky. Largest stock of FINE SUITS in Kentucky.

And, remember, 25 per cent. off on all of them!

Don't miss this sale.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,  
Leading Clothiers of Kentucky.



# WANTED, 500 MEN,

Who owe me on account, to call and pay same. I need the money and can wait no longer. Please do not ask for credit if you owe me on account, for I can not and will not, grant you credit any longer. I have

## A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE

## OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

and will not be undersold when I get the cash. All taxes due me must also be paid now, because to indulge you further hurts us both.

How many will respond to my call? I shall wait and see. Doors open from 6 o'clock a.m. to 6 p.m.

Respectfully, &c.,

H. F. PIERATT.

# FOOT WEAR

I have just received the finest line and greatest variety of

## LADIES' AND GENTS' BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought to the mountains, and having bought them before the recent rise in leather, I am prepared to save my customers money on every purchase they make. I want the ladies, especially, to examine my stock. For the price, I can show them a front-lace shoe that is a world-beater. It is, indeed, a beauty, and to the touch makes one feel that the shoemaker got hold of the kid-glove stock.

Respectfully,

JOHN M. ROSE.

DAVID S. ROSE,

Headquarters Hazel, Ky.,

REPRESENTS

SLINGLUFF, JOHNS & CO.,

WHOLESALE

BOOTS + AND + SHOES

Hopkins Place, BALTIMORE, MD.,

Respectfully solicits a share of the trade of

mountain merchants.

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale

at this office at 20 cents per 100.

O. B. BARRISON+

Attorney-at-Law,

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RE

TURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE

BEST, and the cheapest

## Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

## Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box.

Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## THE HERALD.



## A FARM JOURNAL Great Offer.

Nearly 5 Years.

By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only \$1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

This offer should be accepted without delay.

The eclipse of the moon in this section Saturday night was almost total.

Miss Lula Strong, of Jackson, is visiting Dr. J. A. Taulbee of this place.

Quite a number of swine have been slaughtered this week in this section.

The Pennsylvania Grit will except our thanks for a beautiful calendar of 1900.

Hang up your stockings Sunday night and get them filled with goodies, etc.

Dr. Taulbee reports a great deal of sickness throughout the country, principally fever.

Miss Lane Taulbee, of Lee City, daughter of ex-Senator Wm. Taulbee, is dangerously ill.

The new dining hall at Bethany Lodge is nearing completion, and will be ready for occupancy next week.

Samuel Cecil, of Grassy creek, about four miles north of town, is dangerously ill and not expected to live.

The Truth calendar of 1900 surpasses anything of the kind we ever seen. Please except thanks of THE HERALD.

Dr. J. A. Taulbee was call on Tuesday to see Wm. Taulbee, of Frozen creek, who has pneumonia, and is seriously ill.

Prof. Wm. H. Cord spent last week in Louisville buying furnishings for the houses to be occupied by pupils of Hazel Green Academy.

There will be quite a number of candidates for the various offices at the coming election. Ye seekers for office, send in your announcements so the people will know who you are, and what office you desire.



F. A. LYON, JR.,  
Leading Insurance Agent  
of Eastern Kentucky.

Offices: Beattyville and Jackson.

## CHRIS'MAS COMIN' SOON.

OP' possum settin' on a 'simmon tree,  
Chris'mas comin' soon.  
I wink at him an' he winks at me,  
Chris'mas comin' soon.

I say: "OP' possum doan you make no face,  
I leab yo' hea' in de fat'nin' place—

Come back bimeby an' I 'tend yo' case,"

Chris'mas comin' soon.

OP' turkey roos'in' on a crooked limb,  
Chris'mas comin' soon.

I done gone project bimeby wif him,  
Chris'mas comin' soon.

He got so fat dat his skin turn blue,

De white folks watsh till dey think he do,

An' dis ol' culled man watchin', too,

Chris'mas comin' soon.

De coon dog barkin' lak his heart done

break!

Chris'mas comin' soon.

I climb up yondah an' de limb I shake,  
Chris'mas comin' soon.

De ol' dog waitin' on de groun' below,

De coon can't harbo' ob his soul no mo'

It done cross obch to de oddeh shoo!

Chris'mas comin' soon.

Won't hang no stockin' on de cabin wall,  
Chris'mas comin' soon.

Fraid ol' Mahstch Santy won't come at al,

Chris'mas comin' soon.

De good Lawd whispeth when I dream at

night,

"Rouse up, ol' sleepah, fo' de day git light,

An' yank dat turkey from de white man's

sight!"

Chris'mas comin' soon.

We soon be squattin' at de banquet bo'd,

Chris'mas comin' soon.

I ask de blessin' from de lis'nin' Lawd,

Chris'mas comin' soon.

Den I take dat 'possum an' I break de bone,

An' I pou' de gravy on de ol' co'n pone,

An' I eyeah dat turkey what de white folks

mo'n."

Chris'mas comin' soon.

—Pennsylvania Grit.

Died, December the 5, 1899, little

Mollie Mayo Burcham, aged three

months and 13 days, the little

darling baby of Rev. John W.

Burcham and wife.

Another little lamb has gone

To dwell with him who gave,

Another little darling babe

Is sheltered in the grave;

God needed one more angel child

Amidst His shining band,

And so He bent with loving smile,

And clasped our darling's hand.

If a married man make your

wife happy by a gift of a few

pounds of that fine candy at Tay-

lor Day's. If a single man you can

hypnotize your sweetheart with

the same kind of a gift, and the

cost is so small that if you don't

do so your girl ought to go back

on you for all time, and the other

fellow will get her affection.

Died, on the 8th inst., Mrs. Lillie

Shelton Trimble, wife of Frank

Trimble, of Memphis, Tenn. She

took sick on Thanksgiving day,

and grew worse until the end came.

Her remains were laid to rest in

the Somerville cemetery on her

47th birthday.

Clarence Williams, colored, who

killed Josie Tilman on March 22,

in Clayville, Bourbon county, was

hanged Monday morning at 7:05,

on the 11th inst., at Paris, Ky. He

admitted the killing but claimed

it to be accidental.

Mrs. H. F. Pieratt and son Bruce,

and Mrs. Ellen Kash, of this place,

are visiting S. S. Combs, of Camp-

ton. Mr. Combs celebrated his

50th birthday on Wednesday of

this week, and his grandson, Bruce

Pieratt also, who is four-years-

old.

One of Pieratt's horses on Mon-

day night as Harry Howard was

driving home got frightened at

something and ran away, mashing

up the buggy, and the driver es-

caped without having any bones

broken, but received several slight

bruises.

Prevention is better than cure.

Keep your blood pure, your appetite

good and your digestion perfect by

taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with

Hood's Sarsaparilla, gentle, efficient.

Your wife and daughter would

enjoy some of the fine candy to be

found only at J. T. Day's. But

don't delay, for it is going like hot

cakes on a cold day.

School at the Academy closes

this (Thursday) evening till after

the holidays. The present term

has been the most prosperous of

all the fall terms of the school.

Hon. A. H. Stamper, candidate

for the nomination of Congress on

the Democratic ticket, was in town

Monday shaking hands with his

many friends. Mr. Stamper says

his prospects looks very flattering.

## You Are a Democrat

and, of course, want a democratic newspaper. THE CHICAGO DISPATCH is the Great Democratic Weekly Newspaper of the country. It advocated the re-adoption of the platform and the renomination of William Jennings Bryan.

There has never been a political campaign that will equal in importance that of the one to be fought next year. The republican party, backed by the money power of this country and Europe, is alert and aggressive. Flushed with the victory of three years ago it will seek by every means in its power to maintain its supremacy.

Democrats must be up and doing. They must wage an unceasing war upon their enemies. In no better and more effective way can this be done than by the circulation of good, sound democratic newspapers. The publisher of The Chicago Dispatch, will send to every new subscriber for three months a copy of The Chicago Dispatch for ten cents.

If you are not already taking this great political weekly, send in ten cents at once. You should not only do this yourself, but you should induce all your friends to join with you. By a little effort you can easily raise a club of ten or twenty subscribers.

The Chicago Dispatch is indorsed by William Jennings Bryan and other democratic leaders.

Address THE CHICAGO DISPATCH, 120 and 122 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Judge Amos Davis, of West Liberty, with the firm of Bettman, Bloom & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, is in town soliciting orders from our merchants.

The stock of Christmas novelties at J. T. Day's is the finest ever displayed in the mountains. In fact, up to date, but down in prices.

The poet and artist has been absent for the past three weeks, and the opinion of quite a number that the poet has taken unto himself a partner.

Have you bought your Christmas toys for the children? If not, see the nice display at J. T. Day's

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself WELL.

Your taxes are due and must be paid now. So please call and settle, and save trouble, as I am compelled to collect.

H. F. PIERATT, D. S.

The finest line of stationery ever seen in Hazel Green is to be had at J. T. Day's store.



## LIST OF WATCHES

We carry in stock.

## LADIES' SIZES

Solid Nickel, open face Watches,

lance dial, at \$5.00.

Solid Silver, open face, plain dial, \$5.00.

Gold-filled, warranted 5 years,

hunting or double case, at \$12.50,

Waltham movements.

Gold-filled, open face, warranted

10 years, New England Company's

Watches, \$8.00 to \$12.00.

Gold-filled 20 year hunting cases

# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, \*\*\*\*\* KY.

## THE OLD BACHELOR.

He is portly, but very erect,  
And always—to somewhat digress—  
Artistic, and quite circumstantial.  
When it comes to a question of dress:  
A lover of whilst and of chess,  
And a little inclined to be gay,  
Yet I pity him, nevertheless—  
The old bachelor over the way.

For I know when his life I dissect,  
There is lack of the wifely care,  
No children around him collect,  
His home-coming nightly to bless;  
And to scan him again I confess  
He's a trifle inclined to be gay,  
In spite of his social success—  
The old bachelor over the way.

And I feel my surmise is correct,  
When I look at him closely and guess  
That when he takes time to reflect  
He misses the true happiness;  
For the lack of a home will depress,  
And his boyhood was happy, they say;  
I fancy that dreams must oppress  
The old bachelor over the way.

ENVY.

What, married? This morning, no less,  
For who shall King Cupid gainsay?  
Well, well, he is in for distress—  
The old bachelor over the way.  
—Ernest McGaffey, in Woman's Home Companion.



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## CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

And now the roar of the storm could be heard as the line of foam swept over the darkened sea with frightful velocity. Louder and louder came the noise, and the surface of the water behind the advancing line was like a vast sheet of snow flattened down by the force of the wind.

Nearer and nearer came the ghostly line, while every man stood at his post in silence. Suddenly the captain roared:

"Hard up your wheel! Hard up!"

The two men who grasped the spokes had barely time to obey the order when, with shriek of wind and a rush of boiling water, the white line struck the bark and pressed her over until the yards touched the surface to leeward. The storm staysail and maintop-sail were rent to ribbons, but the head sail held, and, as the stanch bark slowly righted, this caused her to pass slowly off, and she gathered headway at the same time. Slowly at first and then with increasing speed she bounded along before the hurricane.

And now the sea began to rise in all its majesty. The masses of water swept in wild waves before the hurricane, their crests blowing off into spray as they met the full force of the wind. After several efforts the crew succeeded in loosing a few inches of the foretopsail, and for awhile this held nobly. Then came a stronger puff than usual, and the sail was torn bodily from the bolt-ropes, disappearing in the gloom like some huge white bird.

There was nothing to be done but run before the gale, and, after sending the mate and half the crew below, the captain advised Tom and Avery to retire, which they did, somewhat reassured by the collected bearing of the skipper, who seemed to take it all as a matter of course, especially as the wind was sending his vessel just where he wished to go.

In this manner three days and nights passed, until it seemed to Tom that the world was made up of wind, waves and darkness.

On the fourth morning the wind began to abate and the sun appeared, enabling the captain to ascertain his position. He found that the Seabird had made 11 knots an hour during the entire period since the storm struck her, which caused his satisfaction to show itself in his round face unmistakably.

Sail was now made, and ten days later the Seabird was sailing proudly on the bosom of the Pacific, having rounded Cape Horn with the "greatest slant of wind" the old skipper had ever experienced. The vessel's head was pointed to the north, and Tom began to compute the days before they could hope to reach San Francisco.

## CHAPTER III.

### "I GIVE MY SHARE TO YOU."

Good luck and fair winds followed our adventurers until they reached the stormy Gulf of California, where an accident occurred which greatly affected Tom's future plans.

It was an hour before sunset and the two passengers were leaning over the stern watching the water fly swiftly under the counter, when a loud shout from aloft attracted their attention. Looking quickly up they had barely time to spring aside when a heavy block struck the deck beside them with terrific force. A rope attached to it hit Tom's companion across the chest, sending him backwards. His heels met

the wheel ropes and the next instant he struck the water astern and disappeared from Tom's sight.

It had all happened so quickly that he hardly realized what had occurred until the sailor aloft shouted:

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

With the promptitude of a sailor the man at the wheel sprang to the rail and adrift the life preserver, which was always ready for use, and at the same time the captain rushed on deck and ordered the ship home.

Then Tom tore off his coat and shoes and leaped over the rail before the captain could detain him.

Like most Cape Cod boys, he had learned to swim at an early age, and a pond in Merrivale had enabled him to indulge in the exercise in late years, so that when he came to the surface he felt no anxiety for himself, although the vessel was some distance away.

He struck out with all his might in the direction of the vessel's wake, and soon caught a glimpse of a white face ahead rising and falling on the waves. "Keep up till I reach you!" he shouted to encourage Avery, who was fully

and began to sink.

Tom reached the spot just in time to grasp his hair and drag him to the surface, where he lay utterly unconscious and unable to assist himself. Tom supported him as best he could, but his clothes soon began to drag him down, and his limbs felt like lead. He was nearly spent when something white swept before his eyes on the top of a sea, and he saw that it was the life buoy. With a last effort he struck out and succeeded in grasping it.

In the meantime the Seabird had been brought to the wind and a boat lowered with all possible speed, but it is a slow operation at best, and the craft was a half mile distant before the boat struck the water with Capt. Coffin in her stern. Although the buoy supported Tom easily, he found it no easy task to keep the unconscious man's head above the surface, and when the boat reached them he was pulled from the water in a state of utter exhaustion.

Avery showed no signs of life, and when the vessel was reached he was taken to his berth, where the old captain gradually resuscitated him. Tom having changed his clothes in the meantime and regained the use of his limbs.

When he reached the stateroom he was shocked at his friend's face. There was a look there which comes but once to humanity, and which froze the words on his tongue.

"Scott, sit down," said the old miner. "I can see by your face what you read in mine. I have no time to waste. I'm a dying man, Scott. Something has given out inside and my time is up. Don't interrupt me, please. I must tell you something while I have time."

He paused an instant to press his hand to his side, saying:

"When that hit me something snapped in here. I think a rib is sticking into my lungs. Take off my belt, Scott. Hurry up! Don't stop to ask questions now!"

Tom obeyed, and with trembling fingers the dying man drew forth a folded bit of paper, whispering:

"It's yours, and it means a fortune to you! Get me a pen and paper and then write what I tell you!"

His request was soon complied with, and with a faint voice he dictated:

"I, John Avery, being about to die, give my share in the gold mine discovered by my partner, Dick Reed, to the bearer, Thomas Scott, who has risked his life for mine twice."

When this unique will was on paper he added:

"Give me the pen. There needn't be any witnesses. Dick Reed knows my fist, and he's as square as a die. This paper is a map to tell me how to reach the mine. It's a secret trail leads to it, and only three men know of it. You will be rich if you live to reach it. Trust no one, but go by yourself. Take the money in my belt, too, and use it as you please. You may find my brother Bill at the mine. He was sent for, too. You'll get my share."

A violent fit of coughing interrupted him, and before it ended the handkerchief he pressed to his lips was stained with his life blood.

Tom hastily summoned the captain, but the old miner sank into an unconscious state, and before morning Tom was the only living occupant of the little stateroom.

But behind the thin partition which separated it from the mate's room sat that worthy himself with a look of triumph on his evil face.

"There were no witnesses, and what is to prevent my being Mr. Tom Scott and becoming a mine owner?" he muttered to himself. "I must have that paper if I have to kill him to get it!"

On the following day the remains of the old miner were consigned to the deep, and as Tom saw the weighted canvas disappear beneath the blue waters, his grief outweighed every other sentiment and drove all thoughts of his inheritance from his head. He had grown to love the rugged old man like brother, and it was the first time he had been brought face to face with death.

That night as he was about to retire, he remembered the slip of paper given him by his dying friend, and which he

had not yet examined. He had placed it in the belt and tossed the latter into his chest at the time, and a huge lump swelled in his throat now as he lifted the lid and drew it forth.

Carefully arranged in the various compartments were bills to the amount of \$5,000, and these he transferred to his own belt at once. The paper was evidently torn from a blank book, and contained these lines in a bold hand:

"Old Partner: If you haven't forgotten the old days and the bargain we made, come out and share my find with me. I have struck it rich. I have written to Bill. I have a new chum with me, too. Come to Dyes and take the old Dalton trail. No one uses it now. It goes just west of Arkell lake and runs straight for Fort Selkirk. It's almost dead north by the compass. About 50 miles before it reaches the fort it splits off to the left. A big white cliff faces the trail. You can't mistake it. The main trail keeps on to the right. Take the other. It only goes about 30 miles and leaves you at the entrance of a big gorge. Camp there and make a big smoke. If you have to bring anyone to help, be sure of your man. We have grub enough to last till spring, and then my partner, Joe Tarbox, is coming to Dyes for supplies. He'll get there in April or May, I expect. There is gold here by the ton if we only had water to wash it out. I am sending this from the fort by an Indian packer. Came here after candies and flour. Your old friend,

"DICK TAYLOR."

Tom's heart was beating like a trip-hammer as he finished the letter, for he now realized that the old miner's words were not of light import. The note bore the imprint of truth in every line, and for awhile he could scarcely realize what he had read.

He had no suspicion that the mate was at that moment gluing his eye to a crack in the bulkhead and vainly trying to get a glimpse of the paper of which he had heard the dying man speak the night before. In his villainous heart, he had sworn that Tom Scott should never grasp the golden treasure, but how to prevent him was the question. Clearly he must obtain possession of the precious paper, but how was this to be done?

His peephole was too small to enable him to tell where Tom kept it, but as he heard the lid of the chest closed he drew a long breath and muttered:

"It's in his donkey! I'll find a way to have a peep inside of it before we get to Frisco. It would never do to trouble it now. He'd suspect me the first thing of being missed it. I must rig some kind of a derrick on him, that's sure!"

For the next few days he endeavored his brains for some safe means of at-



"I must tell you something while I have time."

aining his ends, but without success. Then chance did what he had failed to do.

"Stand by!" was the welcome cry from aloft one morning just after sunrise, while the captain and second mate were asleep, the mate was stamping the deck and Tom, who had turned out earlier than usual, was standing on the topgallant forecastle watching a school of fish play about the bows. He ran up the forerigging at once to catch a glimpse of the welcome sight.

"Now's my time," said the mate, under his breath, as Tom went over the foretop and began to swarm up the topmast rigging. "He'll go clean up to the man on the gallant yard before he sees it."

The next moment he had stolen softly down the cabin stairs, entered Tom's room and tried the lid of the chest.

To his surprise it was not locked, and there on top, half hidden by the sleeve of an old coat, lay John Avery's belt before him. His fingers trembled as with feverish haste he pulled it open, and then a furious oath came through his bristling beard.

The belt was empty!

A rapid search convinced him that the object he sought was not in the chest, and hastily rearranging the articles as he had found them he closed the lid and stepped out of the room to meet Capt. Coffin face to face in the narrow passage.

"What are you doing in there?" demanded the latter.

"We're going to wash decks and the porthole was open," he stammered. "I just stepped down to close it."

Whatever comment the old skipper was about to make was interrupted by the man aloft, who again gave that long drawn out, indescribable cry, so dear to the sailor's heart:

"Land ho!"

The captain forgot everything else instantly and sprang on deck at once, exclaiming:

"It's the Golden Gate or I'm a lubber! I've made a record passage this time for the old bark! We're only 98 days from Boston and we'll keep it down to two figures if the wind holds and have a day to spare! Slap the canvas on her, Mr. Rider! There's letters and fresh grub waiting for us over

the starboard bow! Event her for all she's worth!"

His orders were promptly obeyed, and as Tom reached the deck and came aft the captain added:

"We'll soon be ashore, Mr. Scott. If my reckoning's right, that is the entrance to Frisco harbor and we ought to be tied up alongside the dock tonight. You've never been there, have you?"

Tom replied in the negative and the captain continued:

"Well, see here. I don't know how you're fixed, but I always live aboard when I'm in port. It's cheaper and I keep a good cook by her. If you like you can stay with me and it won't cost you a red. I've made a rattling trip and you are welcome."

"Thank you," said Tom. "I'll do so until I start north. I shall be glad to have a familiar face with me. This is my first trip, you know."

"He's going to live aboard," chuckled Obed Rider, who was standing close by, "and it'll be queer if he doesn't run into trouble coming down through Tar flat some dark night. Things are coming my way all right. The fool must carry that paper somewhere about him and I can easily find some one to help me in the job."

Without the slightest suspicion of what was passing in the mate's mind Tom watched him bustling about the deck and congratulated himself that in a short time he would see the last of the red-faced sailor who had brought the only taint of disgrace into his life.

Early that evening the Seabird was anchored in the magnificent harbor of San Francisco, and the long voyage was over.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WAYLAID AND ROBBED.

When Tom Scott went ashore at Frisco he found the city was Klondike mad. On every hand were huge roosters calling attention to the superior merits of some particular route to the fields of gold, and men of all walks in life were straining every nerve to be among the first to reach the Yukon with the advent of spring. Several steamers were loading at the piers, but every inch of space on board had been engaged months ahead. After consulting with Capt. Coffin he determined to go by rail to Seattle and trust to luck to secure a passage from that port.

He made no mention of the singular secret bestowed upon him by the old miner, but frankly told the captain of the money he had received from the same source, and the latter promptly gave him some good advice.

"Better not be drifting round Frisco with all that stuff in your pocket," he said. "I've got a good little safe here and you're welcome to use it. There's some desperate characters on the water front here, and plenty of 'em would kill a man ten times over for half your pile. They've all got the gold fever now. My second mate is going to leave me. He's got it, too. Hope the mate doesn't follow suit."

Tom was wise enough to listen to the warning and left the larger part of his money in the safe, but he kept the two precious papers in his money belt, proceeding which he was to regret very soon.

He found there was a special excursion advertised to leave the following morning, and was just in time to secure a ticket. After taking in the sights of the city during the afternoon he procured his supper in a restaurant and decided to spend the evening at a theater, for it must be remembered that he was company reared and with few rare exceptions, when he had visited Boston, a theater had been beyond his reach.

He thoroughly enjoyed the performance and started down toward the water front when it was finished without a thought of any danger as he strode rapidly along the well-lighted thoroughfares. While he is thus engaged let us take a look at Obed Rider, the villainous mate of the Seabird, and see how his schemes are progressing.

While Tom was watching the foot-light favorites Obed Rider was sitting in a little drinking saloon near the wharf where the Seabird had been docked. Before him was a bottle of liquor and a glance at his face was sufficient to show that he had been indulging deeply. His small, bloodshot eyes were fixed upon vacancy, and he was apparently meditating deeply.

"He'll be off to-morrow," he muttered, savagely, "and then my chance is gone. I must have those papers and money enough to get an outfit. I can't get anyone to lend me a hand, for then the cat would be out of the bag. If I had that paper the old man give him what's to hinder my going and claiming to be Mr. Scott? There's a fortune in it, but it's ugly business."

Filling his glass again he drained it at a gulp as if trying to screw up his courage to the necessary point for some resolve. Then he looked at his watch and said:

"Ten o'clock. No time to lose. First to see if he is on board yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Indorsement.

"The phrenologist," said the proud father, "said he had a head you see on very few boys."

"So he has," replied the proud father's friend. "In fact I don't believe ever saw that head on any other boy."

## THE COMING SERMON.

Dr. Talmage on Future Modes of Preaching the Gospel.

How He Thinks Religious Truths Should Be Presented—Says Ministers Should Preach the Living Christ.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage addresses all Christian workers and describes what he thinks will be the modes of preaching the Gospel in the future; text, Romans 12:7: "Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering."

While I was seated on the piazza of a hotel at Lexington, Ky., one summer evening, a gentleman asked me: "What do you think of the coming sermon?" I supposed he was asking me in regard to some new discourse of Dr. Cumming, of London, who sometimes preached startling sermons, and I replied: "I have not seen it." But I found out afterward that he meant to ask what I thought would be the characteristics of the coming sermon of the world, the sermons of the future, the word "Cumming" as a noun pronounced the same as the word "coming" as an adjective. But my mistake suggested to me a very important and practical theme, "The Coming Sermon."

Before the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows, instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old style of exhortation and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes—those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a discourse of the future. Who will preach it I have no idea. In what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea. In which denomination of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That discourse of exhortation may be born in the country meeting house on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Oregon or the Ohio or the Tombigbee or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas or in a New England farmhouse or amid the ricefields of southern savannas, or this moment there may be some young man in one of our theological seminaries, in the junior or middle or senior class, shaping that weapon of power, or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watchtowers of Zion, waiting to a realization of our present inefficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be 50 years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened while I announce to you what I think will be the chief characteristics of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to make my remarks appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that that future religious discourse will be full of a living Christ in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning His name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetition of His titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and brotherhood and life and Heaven, a poor man's Christ, an over-worked Christ, an invalid's Christ, a farmer's Christ, a merchant's Christ, an artisan's Christ, an every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist or a psychologist or a physician in the sickroom of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world uplifting, and it will come through a discourse in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is this noonday firmament.

That sermon or exhortation of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of everyday life, for there is not a day when somebody is not dying for others—as the physician saving his diphtheritic patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain going down with his vessel while he is getting his passengers into the lifeboat; as the fireman consuming in the burning building while he is taking a child out of a fourth-story window; as in summer the strong swimmer at East Hampton or Long Branch or Cape May or Lake George himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy one summer, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman 50 cents to get some special paper, and he got it, and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it and was crushed under the wheels of the train and lay on the grass

with only strength enough to say: "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now?" Vicarious suffering—the world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer who to save his passengers stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the airbrake?" And as the engineer said it to me he put his hand on the airbrake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought: "You would be just as much a hero in the same crisis." Oh, in that religious discourse of the future there will be living illustrations taken out from everyday life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastly sacrifice of Him who in the high places of the field, on the cross, fought our battles and endured our struggle and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said: "That must be some very great man."

The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and said to her: "Who do you think that is?" She said: "That must be the One who took little children in His arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied.

Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, but a living Christ,

spreading out His arms of sympathy to press the whole world to His loving heart!

But I remark also that the religious discourse of the future of which I speak will be a popular discourse. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw and, considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audiences ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear him reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ that, taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why do so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated his subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight and by a fly's aroma. All the people knew what he meant, and they flocked to Him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears it will not be Princetonian, nor Rochesterian, nor Andoverian, nor Middletonian, but Ollie—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins and sorrows of an auditory.

But when the exhortation or discourse does come there will be a thousand gleaming scintillators to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint or thrilling or unique faculty and students fly at him and set him right and straighten him out and smooth him down and chop him off until he says everything just as everybody else says it. Oh, when the future religious discourse of the Christian church arrives all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged! The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, my friends, if the people of our great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian church, there would not be a street in Washington or New York or any other city which would be passable on the Sabbath day if there were a church on it, for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out and because people do not believe in the truth of God's Word, "nd all that. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting and practical and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the Gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes and the wants and the anxieties of the people.

There are in all our denominations ecclesiastical mummies sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Tut, tut, tut! Sensational!" They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hundred persons present, and if they cannot have the world

saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all.

But, I remark again, the religious discourse of the future will be an awakening sermon. From altar rail to the front door step, under that sermon, an audience will get up and start for Heaven. There will be in it many a staccato passage. It will not be a lullaby. It will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks.

That religious discourse of the future will be an everyday sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plow, how to do any work he is called to do, how to wield trowel and pen and pencil and yardstick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households and how to educate their children and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy, and Mary, the mother of Christ, and those women who on northern and southern battlefields who were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy, fresh from the throne of God.

Yes, I have to tell you, the religious discourse of the future will be a reported sermon. If you have any idea that printing was invented simply to print secular books, and stenography and phonography were contrived merely to set forth secular ideas, you are mistaken. The printing press is to be the great agency of Gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church, and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and call them to pardon and life and peace and Heaven.

So I cannot understand the nervousness of some of my brethren of the ministry. When they see a newspaper man coming in they say: "Alas, there is a reporter!" Every added reporter is 10,000, 50,000, 100,000 immortal souls added to the auditory. The time will come when all the village, town and city newspapers will reproduce the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons preached on the Sabbath will reverberate all around the world, and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evangelized.

The practical bearing of this is upon those who are engaged in Christian work, not only upon theological students and young ministers, but upon all who preach the Gospel and all who exhort in meetings and all of you who are doing your duty. Do you exhort in prayer meeting? Be short and spirited. Do you teach in Bible class? Though you have to study every night, it is interesting. Do you accost people on the subject of religion in their homes or in public places? Study adroitness and use common sense. The most graceful and most beautiful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it it is defamation. We must do our work rapidly, and we must do it effectively.

A dying Christian took out his watch and gave it to a friend and said: "Take that watch. I have no more use for it. Time is at an end for me, and eternity begins." Oh, my friends, when our watch has ticked away for us the last moment, and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we did our work well, that we did it in the very best way, and whether we preached the Gospel in pulpits or taught Sabbath classes, or administered to the sick as physicians, or became merchants, or pleaded the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans or husbandmen or as mechanics, or were like Martha, called to give a meal to a hungry Christ, or, like Hannah, to make a coat for a prophet, or, like Deborah, to rouse the courage of some timid Barnabas in the Lord's conflict, we did our work in such a way that it will stand the test of judgment! And in the long procession of the redeemed that march around the throne may it be found that there are many there brought to God through our instrumentality and in whose rescue we exert. But let none of us who are still unsaved wait for that religious discourse of the future. It may come after our obsequies. It may come after the stonecutter has chiseled our name on the slab 50 years before. Do not wait for a great steamer of the Cunard or White Star line to take you off the wreck, but hail the first craft, with however low a mast and however small a bulk and however poor a rudder and however weak a captain. Better a disabled schooner that comes up in time than a full-rigged brig that comes up after you have sunk.

Instead of waiting for that religious discourse of the future (it may be 40-50 years off), take this plain invitation of a man who to have given you spiritual eyesight would be glad to be called the spittle by the hand of Christ put on the eyes of a blind man and who would consider the highest compliment of this service if, at the close, 500 men should start from these doors, saying:

"Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not. This one thing I know—whereas I was blind, now I see."

Swifter than shadows over the plain, quicker than birds in their autumnal flight, hastier than eagles to their prey, bid you to a sympathetic Christ. The orchestras of Heaven have strung their instruments to celebrate your rescue: And many were the voices around the throne.

Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own.

## PROTEST BY SHERMAN.

McKinley's Former Secretary of State Condemns President's Philippine Policy.

Hon. John Sherman, although politically "as one dead, yet speaketh." He has broken silence to say that he has not changed his views concerning the Philippines.

He does not want to be considered as unfriendly to the administration, that not being his sentiment, but he is still opposed to the idea of this country holding the Philippines and subjugating the natives. He is firmly of the belief that we have no business in the islands.

When the expansion idea fired the country Mr. Sherman was criticised for his stand against a policy of conquest in the Philippines, and was called unpatriotic because he refused to see the wisdom or justice of taking possession of territory to which we were not rightly entitled. Now, he thinks, there has been a revulsion of feeling, and in evidence of this he mentions the receipt of a number of letters from men of high standing in public life who were at first disposed to criticise him for his Philippine views, but who now cheerfully acknowledge that through moral conviction they are forced to agree with him.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Sherman is in President McKinley's confidence. The circumstances under which the venerable Ohio statesman entered and left the president's cabinet tend to prevent any confidential, or even cordial relations between the two.

When Mr. Sherman says he thinks the president has come to the sober second thought and "is now disposed to avoid further bloodshed in the islands and will readily submit to any honorable arrangement to the end of reestablishing peace," it should be taken as what Mr. Sherman thinks the president ought to do rather than what President McKinley thinks about it himself.

Mr. Sherman says we have no moral right to cede the islands to another power, because they do not belong to us. We have not even the right to claim the islands by conquest, because we have not conquered them. We have no more moral right to claim the Philippines than we have to claim Cuba. We cannot govern the Filipinos according to our standards, because they have their own customs, habits and laws and have no sympathies in common with the Anglo-Saxons. It will be impossible for us to hold them in subjection without large armies there, entailing an enormous expenditure of money.

But what would Mr. Sherman have us do under present conditions? His idea is that we should withdraw our troops, gradually or at once, and turn the islands over to the natives. Instead of sending soldiers, let us send statesmen to the Philippines, men who can assist the islanders to establish a substantial republican government, with which we can easily secure trade treaties that will give us all the privileges and profits of possession without the responsibilities thereof. It might be well for this country to hold a naval station in the island of Luzon, but Aguilano is willing to give us that. He would very willingly form a close, friendly alliance with this country and concede every reasonable privilege we might ask for."

When President McKinley reads this opinion of his former secretary of state he will undoubtedly congratulate himself that the venerable statesman is neither in the cabinet nor in the senate. Were he still chairman of the senate committee on foreign affairs, the proposed joint resolution declaring the purpose of the United States to hold the Philippines would strike a snag in the committee room.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## NOT YET TESTED.

The People Have Not Yet Passed Up on the Administration's Policy of Expansion.

That the administration should not have been able to make a better showing than that of the elections in 12 states is a fact full of significance as bearing upon the presidential contest of 1900.

It is claimed by the administration party and by administration organs that a majority of the people of this country are in favor of the president's policy of American expansion into the eastern hemisphere. Where do they find an expression of this sentiment in the recent elections?

In Massachusetts, where the fight was made almost exclusively on the expansion issue, the democratic party made surprising gains. Ohio was held for the president only by the exertion of all the administration influence. In no state of the 12 did the vote show that the president's Philippine policy strengthened the republican party.

The issue of imperialism, of expansion by the conquest of foreign territory, will come clearly before the people of all the states in 1900. There is reason to believe that the popular vote will pronounce unqualified public condemnation of this un-American policy. The democratic party has cause for greater confidence than ever that the people of this country are not yet ready to repudiate American principles for the gain of foreign territory or the government by force of weaker peoples.—St. Louis Republic.

Coal is up, clothing is up, fuel is up—everything the trusts have any control of is up. And the fellows not in trusts are taking advantage of the general upward trend of prices to raise the price of wheat they have to sell. Now let's have a boozing in the wages of men who work for the trusts. Give them a chance to break even this winter anyhow.—Toledo Bee.

## WHAT BRYAN SAYS.

The Democratic Leader Takes a Hopeful View of the Situation.

W. J. Bryan gave to the press an extended statement, summing up the results of the elections in different states. In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, where the democrats reaffirmed the Chicago platform, he finds that they have made gains, while in New York and New Jersey the republican vote shows a falling off.

Ohio is summed up as follows:

"What consolation can republicans draw from the Ohio election? Mr. Hanna secured the nomination of his candidate for governor upon a platform endorsing the republican administration, and while the returns indicate that Nash has a plurality of about 50,000 over McLean, McLean and Jones together have a majority of something like 50,000 over the republican candidate. McLean ran upon a platform emphatically endorsing the Chicago platform and condemning trusts, militarism and imperialism, and he made a gallant fight against great odds. Ohio is the home of the president. It is the home of Mr. Hanna, chairman of the republican national committee. Postmasters all over the United States were urged to contribute money to Ohio. Mr. Hanna took the stump himself and called upon the republicans to support the ticket and endorse the policies of the administration. And yet in spite of all that could be done Mr. Hanna's own country was carried by Mr. Jones, and the republican party which had a majority of nearly 50,000 in 1896 is now overwhelmed by a majority approximating 50,000. The Jones vote is anti-republican. Mr. Jones himself has made an open fight against Mr. Hanna and his methods, and the republican party has turned its batteries against Mr. Jones and his followers."

Iowa, South Dakota and Kansas results are passed over with brief paragraphs as not of leading importance. On Nebraska he says:

"The Nebraska campaign was fought on national issues and the fusion candidate for judge received about 14,000 this year, as against 3,000 last year for the fusion candidate for governor and 12,000 for the fusion electors in 1896 and the fusion candidate for judge in 1897. Assistant Secretary of War Meeklejohn came from Washington to plead with the voters to uphold the president's policies. Senators Thurston and Haywood were on the stump warning the people not to repudiate the president. Senator Fairbanks and other prominent republicans from outside the state lent their influence, but notwithstanding the efforts put forth by the republicans the fusion forces gained a signal victory. Their candidate, Judge Holcomb, carried five of the congressional districts out of the six and lost the remaining district (the First) by only 1,000. The fusionists made a net gain of three district judges and a large gain in county officers."

Mr. Bryan continues.

"Taken as a whole, the election returns from all the states give encouragement to those who hope for the overthrow of the republican party in 1900. It is evident that those who believed in the Chicago platform in 1896 still believe in it. It is also evident that the hostility to the Chicago platform among those who opposed it is not as pronounced as it was in 1896. It is apparent also that there is a growing hostility to the monopolies which have grown up under a republican administration. It is safe to say that the American people would by a large majority pronounce against the attempt to raise the standing army to 100,000 men, and it is equally certain that upon a direct vote upon the issue a large majority of the people would pronounce against an imperialistic policy which would develop here a colonial system after the pattern of European governments."

"If the rebuke administered to the republicans had been more severe the prospect of remedial legislation at the hands of republicans would be brighter. While it was sufficient to indicate that the people are not satisfied with the republican policies, it may not have been sufficient to stay the course of the republican party toward plutocracy and toward European idea of a government built upon force rather than upon the consent of the governed—a government relying for its safety upon a large standing army rather than upon a citizen soldiery."

## COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

Naturally, Hanna will say that a prophet is not without honor except in his own city.—Pittsburgh Post.

—Hon. Marcus Moneybags Hanna has nothing to crow over in the result in Ohio. He has received his warning.—Illinois State Register.

—McKinleyism was indorsed by the minority and repudiated by the majority vote of Ohio. That is a "pointer" for 1900.—Kansas City Times.

—If the president is really so delighted at the result of the recent elections the fact cannot be denied that it takes very little to please him.—St. Louis Republic.

—The anti-administration vote in Ohio is about 50,000 greater than the administration vote. McKinley and Hanna are entitled to all the comfort they can get from this fact.—Columbus Post.

—It is a wonder dyspeptic republican organs are not attributing the big anti-McKinley vote in Boston to a belief on the part of most of its inhabitants that the administration is directly responsible for the bean famine.—St. Louis Republic.

—A politician is best known by his neighbors. Mark Hanna lives in Cleveland. When he says that there was a glorious victory in Ohio he does not care to dwell on the returns from Cuyahoga county, in which Cleveland is situated. The senior senator from Ohio fares better in

## Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

## COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.

Our correspondents are derelict in duty and we want to say that henceforth they will not receive papers except for the week they have news letters. We are dependent upon them for the news and when they fail to send in their favors they put us to great inconvenience.

## CAMPTON SPARKLES.

J. N. Vaughn and family have moved to their newly purchased farm near Lexington.

Hons. A. H. Stamper, Floyd Byrd, and John Tolson and John Napier attended the Beattyville court.

Mrs. G. B. Stamper and children have returned from a lengthy visit to Mrs. Stamper's parents at Vanceburg, Ky.

Rev. J. J. Dickey, assisted by Rev. Mills, of Jackson, has been holding a series of meetings at the Bear Pen school house.

S. D. Fleenor, Jeweler and Grocer, of Jackson, visited town several days last week, and attended the ante holiday closing exercises at the K. W. S. Friday night.

Attorney A. D. Lykins and family will move to Walnut Grove after the holidays to reside, and in connection with law Mr. Laykins will develop the coal and timber on his farm near that coming metropolis.

Town Marshal, Edgar Park, of Irvine, who was assassinated there last week, was well known here, and his tragic death was received with sorrow among the friends he had made here as a frequent visitor to our court as a witness in the Rose murder case.

The races for county offices before the Democratic primary will begin to warm up soon. Jailer Ike Combs will ask to be his own successor, while our sheriff and clever A. T. Combs is mentioned for county judge in which event he will have the same popular following so characteristic of his former races.

"Squire Bud Duff and C. C. Fulks are talked of for county attorney.

While these are all popular and capable gentlemen, and that such offices are to be filled, yet, the race most interesting to Wolfe counts will be that of our very efficient county attorney and loyal Democratic worker, A. H. Stamper, for the Democratic nomination for congress. Wolfe county has never been favored with the honor of a representative in our halls of congress though at all times standing united and enthusiastic for the favorite sons of other counties, and when it comes asking this honor, and presenting such worthy material as courses Mr. Stamper's brain and system, it is but fitting that such recognition should be given to the loyalty of our Democrats and our candidate to allow the county to be the mother of our next congress-

man. Of course Wolfe will stand by its candidate to the last, and outside of its borders is found such a following for Attorney Stamper that will make him the most probable nominee. He has assurances of a hearty support from all over the District, and justly feels elated over his flattering prospects. His services for two terms as county attorney of Wolfe have been eminently satisfactory, and has developed in him through qualifications to guard and promulgate the interests of our district in the councils of our national legislation, and his nomination and election would be a coming tribute to merit where merit invincibly exists.

SIMPER REX.

## MIZE MITES.

James Little has gone to Mt. Sterling.

Mrs. Loue Furgeson, of this place, is ill at this writing.

Mrs. Jane Caskey was the guest at Mize Sunday the 17th.

J. A. Oldfield and son made a flying trip to Hazel Green, Monday.

Miss Lillie Rose, of Lacy creek, is visiting her grandfather, Uncle Sam Cecil.

Rev. Charley Johnson will hold divine service Sunday night at Old Grassy. All are invited.

There will be a box supper at Old Grassy church Thursday night, the 28th, for the benefit of the church. Everybody is invited to come.

Uncle Sam Cecil is very poorly at this writing, and is not expected to get well. His sister, Mrs. Nan Swango, is staying with him while he is so low.

J. T. Perry, N. Jr. Fugate, Lee Rose, Mary Rose, Hester Bishop, Lillie Horns, and Mrs. Mary Rose attended the entertainment at Centerville, Saturday the 16th. All report an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Clay Lykins, who has been confined to her room for about two months with consumption, died Thursday morning the 14th inst., at her home. She leaves a husband and one little girl about three-years-old, and a host of friends and relatives to mourn her loss.

She was buried at the Old Grassy graveyard, Friday evening.

We extend our congratulations to thy bereaved ones.

Dec. 19, '99. YEP.

## LANE NEWS.

By an oversight this correspondence was omitted last week.

Miss Zerilda Sewell went to Campion Wednesday.

Dr. J. R. Carroll, of Lee City, was in our midst one day this week.

W. H. Gevedon, of West Liberty, interviewed our merchants Thursday.

Louie Elkins and brother Samuel visited relatives on Lacy creek Saturday and Sunday.

The funeral of Mrs. Nancy Banks was preached at the Bailey field school house Sunday by Dr. G. W. Center.

Rev. W. F. Tyler, of Vortex, passed through one day this week going to his work up in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Elkins went to see the latter's father, S. N. Cecil, who is very ill and his recovery is very doubtful.

F. C. Hollon has been very ill for a few days from the effects of drinking cherry bounce, peppermint and cinnamon. Let this be a warning to all young men.

Dec. 9, '99. REX.

**WANTED SEVERAL PERSONS FOR DISTRICT OFFICE MANAGERS** in this state to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay nearly \$600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. PARK, 320 Caxton Building, Chicago.

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## Fine Farm FOR SALE!

— o —

Having determined to locate at another point, I offer for sale at private contract my farm near Salem, Morgan county, Ky., containing

## 85 acres,

40 acres of which is timber land of good quality.

On the place is a modern 5-room residence and all necessary outbuildings; a never failing well of fine water; a store-room 14x24 feet, with full length worm along side.

SIMPER REX.

AN ORCHARD

of 40 Young Trees,

representing several varieties of fruit, is now in bearing and a source of revenue.

A Church and School

adjoin the premises and the neighborhood is unexcelled for good behavior, sobriety, etc.

\$1,000.00 WILL BUY IT, and the terms be made to suit any reasonable purchaser.

F. M. LONG,  
or SPENCER COOPER,  
Hazel Green, Ky.

## HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.

The fourteenth annual session of Hazel Green Academy will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 4, 1899. Instruction thorough, discipline firm, expenses low.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.  
Hazel Green, Ky., 7-11-99.

## WAGES OF SIN

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD Estd 1878  
250,000 DISEASED MEN CURED  
WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN & PRIVATE DISEASES

DRS.

250,000 CURED

YOUNG MAN

Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing? Did you ever try the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible result, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any PRIVATE OR BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptom? Dare you marry in your present condition? You know, "LIKE PATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in constant marriage a failure with no reason of your own? What was caused by early abuse or later excess? Have you been drugged with morphia? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. WE treat and cure EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, STPHYLIS, Gleet, STRUCTURE, IMPOTENCE, CRYPTORACHET, DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER diseases.

DRS.

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GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR.

CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT.

Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,

money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A lein on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

CONNAUGHT 2D, 3512 is a beautiful

bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine road.

Early 1893. Trial so far the best we have had and that you will be paid for the use of it.

To men who have battered their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgment and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unerring power and force is what distinguishes it.

The constant steady effort by man to invent new electric appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Neuralgia, Lack of Nervous Force and Nervous Debility, Ulcers and Loss of Vitality.

You may not have faith in it now, but

WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS

and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to YOU ON TRIAL.

Write today for Illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimony.

PROF. A. CHRYSTAL, Inventor, Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich.

RELIANCE 67, grand dam by Congress 164;

RELIANCE 676, by Confidence 158, dam by Reliance 670.

NOTE—His complete pedigree covers

many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote.

Breeders are invited to call and see him

and examine his pedigree at my stables.

Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

Telephone 279, Lexington, Ky.

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distinguish them from genuine diamonds